

T O

The RIGHT HONOURABLE the

EARL and COUNTESS

O F

M I D D L E S E X.

A N

O D E.

By JOHN LOCKMAN.

*Vos etiam feri laudabunt sæpe nepotes,
Claraque erit scriptis gloria vestra meis.*

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L O N D O N:

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MIDDLESEX

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O! THOU, in ev'ry Science skill'd,
Which Pleasure or Advantage yield:
Whom Genius, splendid Acts adorn;
To princely Titles, Glory born:
In foreign Lands, whose Merit known,
Adds a new Lustre to our Own:
Arm'd with whose Shield, I dauntless fought
The HYDRA, * who with ORPHEUS fought:
Transfus'd th' *Italian* Tragic Rage,
In Language suited to the Stage:
And strove, by Harmony and Ease,
To teach the Lyric Strains to please.

And THOU, bright Favourite of the *Nine*;
THOU, whom the kindred *Arts* refine;

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* The great Number of Writers who attack'd the OPERA.

By Nature gracious; in whose Face
 An Elegance of Mind we trace;
 Form'd, or to gild the Sylvan Scene;
 Or shine, Companion of a QUEEN.

Deign to indulge your Poet's Prayer,
 In favour of a *Grecian Fair**;
 A spotless *Maid*; in Tears, distress'd;
Love's Arrow wounding deep her Breast:
 Who, in *Aufonia*, long with-held;
 Now by Your echoing Fame impell'd,
 Wou'd quit that Clime, and, at Your Feet,
 Her Sense of Your high Worth repeat;
 In *British* Numbers vent her Grief,
 And, from Your Goodness, claim Relief.

If on this Woodland *Nymph* You smile,
 Her Beauties shall inchant our Isle:
 If You her Complaints, benignant, hear,
 The Sound may reach the ROYAL Ear.
 The Bard, then, in melodious Lays,
 Will charm the *Zephyrs* with Your Praise.

* My English Imitation of FILLI DI SCIRO, del Conte Guidubaldo BONARELLI.